

*The Tragedie*

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

*Prin.* God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

*Glo.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

*Enter Lord Maire.* (daies.

*Lo. M.* God blesse your Grace, with health and happy

*Prin.* I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no, *Enter L. Hast.*

*Buc.* And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord,

*Prin.* Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes not I:

The Queene, your mother, and your brother *Yorke*

Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meeete your Grace:

But by his mother was perforce with-held.

*Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuishe course

Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinal*, will your Grace

Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*

Vnto his Princely brother presently?

If she deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,

And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.

*Car.* My Lo. of *Backingham*, if my weake oratory

Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*

Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate

To milde intreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,

Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.

*Buc.* You are too sencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonius and Traditionall:

Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,

You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:

The benefite thereof is alwayes granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

*of Richard the Third*

Then take him from thence that is no

You breake no priuiledge nor charter

Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,

But sanctuary children neuer till now

*Car.* My Lord, you shall ouer-rule

Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you go

*Hast.* I goe my Lord.

*Prin.* Good Lords make all the spee

Say Vncle *Glocester*, if our brother co

Where shall we iourne till our Coro

*Glo.* Where it thinkst best vnto yo

If I may counsell you some day or tw

Your highnesse shall repose you at the

Then where you please as shall be the

For your best health and recreation.

*Prin.* I doe not like the Tower of an

Did *Iulius Caesar* build that place my

*Buc.* He did my gracious Lord begi

Which since succeding ages haue redie

*Prin.* Is it vpon record or else report

Successiue from age to age hee build

*Buc.* Vpon record my gracious Lord

*Prin.* But say my Lord it were not r

Me thinks the truth should liue from a

As twere retaild to all posteritie,

Euen to the generall ending day.

*Glo.* So wise, so young, they say do ne

*Prin.* What say you Vncle?

*Glo.* I say with out Characters fame li

That like the formall vice, iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prin.* That *Iulius Caesar* was a famou

With what his valour did enrich his w

His wit set downe to make his valour l

Death makes no conquest of his conq

For now he liues in fame, though not

He tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham*

*Buc.* What my gracious Lord?

*Prin.* And if I liue vntill I be a man.

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